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The Golden songster

Devonport [England]

[18--]

Reel: 37 Title: 15

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Control Number: ADD-9790
OCLC Number : 27479097
Call Number : W PN970.E5 GOLDx
Title : The Golden songster : containing a choice collection of sentimental, sporting, love, sea, & comic songs.
Imprint : Devonport [England] : Printed and sold by E. Keys, [18--]
Format : 16 p. ; 18 cm.
Note : Cover title.
Note : "Keys's edition"
Note : Without music.
Subject : Chapbooks, English.

MICROFILMED BY
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Image Placement: IIB
Reduction Ratio: 8:1
Date filming began: 8/30/94
Camera Operator: AR

KEYS'S EDITION, DEVONPORT.

THE

Golden Songster

Containing a choice Collection of

SENTIMENTAL, SPORTING,

LOVE, SEA, & COMIC SONGS

DEVONPORT:

PRINTED AND SOLD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY ELIAS KEYS.

SOLD ALSO BY R. STONE, STATIONER, 10, FORE STREET HILL. EXETER;
A BROWN, GENERAL DEALER, 27, BRISTOL BRIDGE, BRISTOL;
W. BURRIDGE, TRURO; J. PERROW, ST. AUSTELL, CORNWALL;
J. EVANS, HIGH STREET, BARNSTAPLE; S. MANN, ASHBURTON, DEVON;
AND BY S. REED, NEWPORT, MONMOUTHSHIRE.

THE GOLDEN SONGSTER.

My love and home I'll ne'er forget.

TUNE—"I've journed over many lands."

I'LL ne'er forget my happy home,
And those that gave me birth,
When I'm inclined far to roam,
In sadness or in mirth;
For the days of youth was happy bliss,
And never knew of fear,
I've oft received a parent's kiss,
Whose memory is so dear.
I'll ne'er forget, &c.

For I have journeyed far and near,
But never could I trace
A land that e'er was half so dear
As England, my native place.
But when to foreign lands I go,
Yet still I'll ne'er forget,
Nor cause the tears to flow,
When first my love I met.
I'll ne'er forget, &c.

I love to dwell.

TUNE—"My native hills."

I LOVE to dwell upon the past,
And from its treasur'd store
To steal a thought of dear priz'd friends,
I never shall see more;
To picture days the happiest,
Fraught with content and joy—
When in a little cot I dwellt,
The humble peasant boy.

Though fifty summers have pass'd o'er
This scarr'd and furrow'd brow—
Though fortune and a prosperous course
Are smiling on me now.
And I have every luxury
That riches can enjoy—
I feel how happier far my lot,
A humble peasant boy.

Speak of a Man as you find him.

OH! speak of a man as you find him,
And censure alone what you see;
And should a man blame, let's remind him,
From vice we are none of us free;
If the veil from the heart could be torn,
And the mind could be read on the brow,
There are many we'd pass by with scorn,
We are loading with high honours now.
Let's speak of a man as we find him,
And heed not what others may say;
If he's frail, why a kind word may bind him,
When coldness will turn him away;
For the heart must be barren indeed,
Where no bud of repentance can bloom,
Then why should we cause it to bleed,
If a smile or a frown change its doom?

The Soldier's Daughter.

WITH face that wore a plaintive smile,
Her garments clean, though tattered,
A look that spoke her free from guile,
And ringlets loosely scattered;
A little female rov'd the street,
In hopes some generous aid to meet.
And thus her plaintive accents flow'd,
In strains which nature taught her
Oh! let your bounty be bestowed
To help a soldier's daughter.

My father's gone to foreign shores,
To guard his country's honour;
My mother oft his loss deplores,
For wants cold hand is on her:
Alas! we ne'er may see him home,
And I an orphan doom'd to roam.
Again her plaintive accents flow'd,
In strains which nature taught her:
Oh! let your bounty be bestow'd
To help a soldier's daughter.

As thus along the street she pass'd,
A soldier heard her ditty,
And on her face a look he cast—
A look of doubt and pity:
"My child," he cried, "shall roam no more,
I'm now returned with wealth in store."
Once more her plaintive accents flow'd
In strains which nature taught her:
Kind Heaven its bounty has bestow'd,
And blest a soldier's daughter.

Beauty's bright eyes.

BEAUTY'S bright eyes! beauty's bright eyes;
In pleasure and happiness beaming,
Shedding their light like stars in the skies,
Over life's pathway gleaming.

Woman's the theme and love is the spell,
Round our hearts entwining;
Oh! the joys, what tongue can tell?
Of love and truth combining.
Beauty's bright, &c.

Life without love were endless night,
Earth a desert dreary;
Love in the spell! beauty the light,
Mortals, sent to cheer thee.
Sweeter than nectar the wild bee sips,
Or morn on zephyr sighing;
And the words of love on woman's lips
In tremulous accents dying.
Beauty's bright, &c.

Vhen the Steam Boat's on the vaters.

VHEN the steam boat's on the vaters,
Ve'll ride up to Battersea,
For of all Joe Muggin's daughters,
You're about the size for me.
Though rude vaves may be in motion,
You'll be safe, old gal, vith me;
And vith goes of Hodge's Lotion,
I vill pitch it strong to thee.

Vhen I had no tin remaining,
There vos vun a trump, 'tis true;
And vent shares vithout complaining,
In a common Irish stew.
It vos you, my sprightly Mary—
You're as good as gold to me;
And though luck should go contrary,
I vill stick like bricks to thee!

I vos nuts on you in childhood,
Vhen you stroll'd along vith me;
And cock sorrel in the vild vood,
How I used to pick for the.
As you grow'd up I felt queerer,
And perhaps you did the same—
I began to see more clearer,
That you'd some day be my flame.

But your vomanhood beholding,
Stuck a tweezer in my heart—
Vhen your plump vaist I vos holding,
Blow me tight if I could part!
I've been sweet upon you, Mary,
From the present to the past—
And though my luck's contrary,
I'll stick by you to the last!

The Buffalo Gals.

AS I was rambling down de street,
Down de street, down de street,
A pretty little gal I chanced to meet,
And she was fair to my view.

CHORUS.

Oh! Buffalo gals, want you cum out to-night,
Cum out to-night, cum out to-night;
Oh! Buffalo gals, can't you cum out to-night,
And dance to de light ob de moon.

Oh! I ax'd her if she'd take a walk,
Take a walk, take a walk:
And wid me hab some little talk.
From those sweet lips I view.
Oh! Buffalo gals, &c.

I ax'd her if she'd hab a dance,
Hab a dance, hab a dance;
Quadrilles and Polkas fresh from France,
Were all de same to me.
Oh! Buffalo gals, &c.

But if dat gal would marry me,
Marry me, marry me;
Den how happy I should be,
While de Niggers would dance and sing.
Oh! Buffalo gals, &c.

But now that gal she's married me,
Married me, married me;
And how happy I shall be,
While I play on my old banjo.
Oh! Buffalo gals, &c.

The Sailor Boy's farewell to his Mother.

TUNE—"Woodman, spare that tree."

SWEET mother dear, I go
Far o'er the distant sea;
But let me gladly know
A blessing fond from thee.
'Tis fate that makes us poor,
Calls forth a parting sigh,
And drives me from thy door:
My mother dear, good-by!

And when in distant lands
I make my exiled prayer,
And raise my folded hands
To Him who'll guide me there.
I'll crave for thee each joy,
And he will hear my cry;
Then smiling, kiss thy boy,
My mother dear, good-by!

That poor, but pretty cot,
On which the sun now gleams,
Shall never be forgot—
'Twill mingle with my dreams;
And when from distant lands
Thy truant boy draws nigh,
We will bless the happy times—
My mother dear, good by!

That dear and lonely form,
Thy cherished voice, so kind,
Will cheer me in the storm,
Amid the howling wind.
I dare not now remain,
But time will quickly fly,
And we shall meet again—
My mother dear, good-by!

A life on the Ocean Wave.

A LIFE on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scatter'd waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep.
Like an eagle caged, I pine
On this dull, unchanging shore:
Oh! give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar.
A life, &c.

Once more on the deck I stand,
Of my own swift-gliding craft,
And bid farewell to the land,
The gale follows far abaft;
We shoot through the sparkling foam,
Like an ocean bird set free;
Like the ocean bird, our home
We find far out on the sea.
A life, &c.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say let the storm come down.
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and waters rave,
A life on the heaving sea,
A home on the surging wave.
A life, &c.

I love but thee.

IF after all you still will doubt and fear me,
And think this heart to other loves will stray;
If I must swear, then lovely doubter, hear me,
By all those dreams I have when thou'rt away;
By every throb I feel when thou art near me—
I love but thee—I love but thee.

By those dark eyes where light is ever playing,
Where love, in depth of shadow, holds his throne,
And by those lips which give whate'er, thou'rt saying,
Or grave or gay, a music of its own;
A music far beyond all mintsrel's playing,
I love but thee—I love but thee.

By that fair brow where innocence reposes,
Pure as the moonlight sleeping upon snow;
And by that cheek, whose fleeting blush discloses
A hue too bright to bless this world below,
And only fit to dwell on Eden's roses—
I love but thee—I love but thee.

The Trysting Tree.

IN the days of old, when the forest and glade
To the hunter's hounds were free;
The merry men rode through brake and glen,
To meet at the trysting tree.
And then was seen in Lincoln green,
Full many a yeoman bold,
With a good yew bow, for the buck or doe,
And a steed of Stalworth mould;
And loud and lasting was their glee,
As they drank to the brave old trysting tree.

At early dawn on merry May day,
The welkin would ring with glee;
And the villagers carried the queen of May,
To be crowned at the trysting tree.
Bright eyes would glance in the joyous dance,
And the merry pipe would sound;
While the old man's tale, and the nut-brown ale,
Would add to the mirth around!
And the leaves would shake on the brave old tree,
In joy at their rustic revelry.

Young lovers have met 'neath his giant shade,
When the curfew closed the day;
And there has many a maiden prayed
For her loved one far away.
Kings have died in their regal pride,
And storms have swept the land;
But the trysting tree, though old he be,
Does still maintain his stand,
And may he live another race to see,
The brave, the rare old trysting tree

The Dance upon the Lawn.

I SING the days, the merry days,
To English hearts most dear,
When good old English customs ruled
And reigned throughout the year;
When merry lads and lasses met,
And daily toil was o'er,
And gray-hair'd fathers watched their mirth
Beside the cottage door.
Oh! there was joy in Briton's Isle,
And peace from night till morn,
When our sturdy peasants' pastime was,
The dance upon the lawn.

Oh! those were days, were happy days,
For England's peasant band;
When pipe and tabor's merry sound
Was heard throughout the land;
When May-pole, deck'd with ribbons gay,
Stood forth in village green,
And harmless mirth and jollity
Beneath its boughs were seen.
We join'd the happy cotters' throng,
Nor lad nor lass would scorn,
To trip a measure gaily in
The dance upon the lawn.

But though the days, those merry days
Long since have pass'd away,
There still is plenty in the land
Then, wherefore, not be gay?
If summer's glorious sunshine will
The fruits and flowers restore,
I know not he who would not be
As happy as of yore.
Then care, away! we'll still be gay,
We'll laugh our foes to scorn;
And once again we'll sport it in
The dance upon the lawn.

Farewell, dearest Maiden.

TUNE—"What fairy-like music."

FAREWELL, dearest maiden,
Though for ever we part,
I'll cherish thy image
Alone in my heart;
My days will be pass'd, love,
In anguish and pain—
Those once happy hours, love,
I shall ne'er see again.
Farewell, dearest, &c.

When you pledg'd me your heart, love,
I thought you'd prov'd true—
But, alas! I'm deceiv'd, love,
Made unhappy by you.
Young Love ne'er will enter
Again in my breast—
My heart, dearest maiden,
Will never know rest.
Farewell, dearest, &c.

Then, farewell, dearest maiden,
Though for ever we part—
I'll cherish thy image
Alone in my heart;
Though you've prov'd ungrateful
And inconstant to me,
My heart, dearest maiden,
Beats fondly for thee.
Farewell, dearest, &c.

Farewell to Old England.

TUNE—"Farewell to the Mountain."

FAREWELL to old England, the land of my birth,
The scenes of my childhood, my dear native earth;
Ne'er again shall I roam o'er thy moss-cover'd dell;
Then farewell for ever! farewell, oh! farewell.

The friends that I cherish'd ne'er again shall I see—
The heart once united now sever'd must be;
No more can such love my fond bossom swell,
Then farewell for ever! farewell, oh! farewell

The Rocks of Scilly.

COME all you brisk young sailors bold,
That plough the raging main,
Come listen to my tragedy,
And I'll relate the same:
'Tis prest I was from my true love,
She is the girl I do adore,
And sent I was to the raging main,
Where foaming billows roar.

To the East Indies we were bound,
Our gallant ship to steer,
And all the way that we sailed out,
I thought of my Polly dear.
We had not sailed out very far,
Before a storm did rise;
The raging seas ran mountains high,
And so dismal were the skies.

Sometimes alone with grief I roam,
While others are sporting on!
Had I but my Polly here,
I ne'er would make my moan.

Sometimes on deck, sometimes aloft,
And oftentimes below,
The thought of Polly runs in my head,
Tho' the stormy winds do blow.

Our captain being a valiant man,
Upon the deck doth stand,
A full reward of fifty pounds
To the first that see land.
Our boatswain up aloft did go,
On the main top so high;
He looks all around on every side,
Neither light nor land espy'd.

He being foremast of the ship,
A light he chanced to spy;
Bear off, my lads, before the wind,
The boatswain loud did cry.
The sailors tried to make the ship
The Scilly rocks to clear;
On the ocean wide we must abide
Till daylight doth appear.

The very first time our gallant ship struck,
So loud our captain cried,
The Lord have mercy on us all,
We in the deep shall die.
Out of eighty seamen bold,
'Twas four got on shore;
Our gallant ship to pieces went,
And never was seen more.

O when the news to Plymouth came,
Our gallant ship was lost,
Caused many a fine young sailor bold
Then to lament his case.
'Tis Polly, love, you must lament,
For the loss of your sweetheart;
'Tis the raging seas, the stormy winds,
Caused you and me to part.

Lucy Neal.

COME all you niggers, old and young,
and listen to my song,
I'll tell you ob a lub affair—I'll not detain
you long;
When I did work at de sugar mills, turning
ob a wheel,
I fell in lub wid a nigger gal, dey call her
Lucy Neal.

CHORUS.

Oh! lubly Lucy Neal, so sweet Miss Lucy
Neal!
Oh! if I had her by my side how happy I
should feel!

Miss Lucy she was handsome—Miss Lucy
she was fair,
If you had seen her woolly head, how it
would make you stare;
I had a ribal in my lub, dey call him Ginger
Blue,
Before I'd done wid dat black tief, I made
him for to rue.
Oh! lubly Lucy Neal, &c.

I courted sweet Miss Lucy, and I bought
her all things new,
And I'm d—d if she did'nt go to de ball wid
dat black Ginger Blue;
I followed dis nigger ebery where till he
came to de rout,
Den I ran my arms bang down his throat,
and turn him inside out.
Oh! lubly Lucy Neal, &c.

Now dis old nigger he turn white, and he
lay down and died,
And den, why what do you think I did? I
took off dis nigger's hide;
I took it to a tanner's, and had it drest, you
know,
And wid de skin of dat old Ginger Blue I
made my old banjo.
Oh! lubly Lucy Neal, &c.

Oh! to marry sweet Miss Lucy now I took
it in my head,
In two days after dis affair Lucy was put to
bed;
Two little niggers came to light—the truth
I'll tell to you,
One of them was black and white, and
t' other like Ginger Blue.
Oh! lubly Lucy Neal, &c.

Now Lucy swore her innocence, and I believ'd all to be true,
And I forgave this little fault, and never had
cause to rue.
I hope you'll not make fun of us, now we
are man and wife,
For I swore at Hymen's altar to be her slave
for life.
Oh! lubly Lucy Neal, &c.

While the Dew's on the Flower.

WHILE the dew's on the flower
That blooms in thy bower,
And vespers breathe sighs o'er the sea;
With heart beating lightly,
And hopes beaming brightly,
I'll haste, love, to bear thee with me.

Then love, gaily, merrily hie with me o'er the tide;
Warm hearts gaily, cherrily, welcome shall be, welcome my bride.
While the dew's on, &c.

Should care cast a blight, love, of sorrow awhile,
'Twill flee with the night, love, that beam on thy smile;
Then list ye, O merrily,
Bells ringing cherrily,
Waft the glad tones o'er the sea.
From my island, O merrily sounding,
So cherrily welcome, love, welcome to me:
Merrily, merrily, cherrily, cherrily,
Wafting their welcome to me,
Wafting their welcome to me,
While the dew's on the flower.

The Land of the West.

OH! come to the West, love, oh! come there with me:
'Tis a sweet land of verdure that springs from the sea,
Where fair Plenty smiles from her emerald throne:
Oh! come to the West, and I'll make thee my own.
I'll guard thee, I'll tend thee, I'll love thee the best,
And you'll say there's no land like the land of the West.

The South has its roses, and bright skies of blue,
But ours are more sweet with love's own changeful hue;
Half sunsine, half tears, like the girl I love best:
Oh! what is the South to the beautiful West.
Then come there with me, and the rose on on thy mouth
Will be sweeter to me than the flowers of the South.

The North has its snow tow'rs of dazzling array,
All sparkling with gems in the ne'er-setting day;
There the storm-king may dwell in the halls he loves best,
But the soft-breathing zephyr, he plays in the West;
Then come to the West, where no cold wind doth blow,
And thy neck will seem fairer to me than the snow.

The sun in the golden East chaseth the night,
When he riseth, refreshed in his glory and might;
But where doth he go when he seeks his sweet rest?
Oh! does he not haste to the beautiful West?
Then come there with me, 'tis the land I love best;
'Tis the land of my sires—'tis my own darling West.

The Sailor's Tear.

HE leap'd into the boat,
As it lay upon the strand;
But oh! his heart was far away,
With friends upon the land.
He thought of those he loved the best,
A wife, an infant dear,—
And feeling filled the sailor's breast,
The sailor's eye—a tear.

They stood upon the far-off cliff,
And wav'd a 'kerchief white,
And gaz'd upon his gallant bark,
Till she was out of sight.
The sailor cast a look behind,
No longer saw them near;
Then rais'd the canvass to his eye,
And wip'd away a tear.

Ere long o'er ocean's blue expanse
His sturdy bark had sped,
The gallant sailor from her prow
Descried a sail a-head;
And then he rais'd his mighty arm,
For Britain's foes were near,
And then he rais'd his arm—but not
To wipe away a tear.

The Cot where I was born.

I'VE roamed beneath a foreign sky,
Where beauteous flow'rets grew;
Where all was lovely to the eye,
And dazzling to the view;
I've seen them graced by night's pale tear,
Bedeck'd by radiant morn;
But never found a spot so dear
As that where I was born.
But never found, &c,

Can wealth or titles compensate
The want of friendship's glow?
Can gaudy pageant's earthly state
So bright a gem bestow?

To me such joys are cold indeed—
They hold the heart forlorn;
Give me the spot I love so dear—
The cot where I was born.
Give me the spot, &c.

As I view those scenes so charming.

AS I view those scenes so charming,
With fond remembrance my heart is warming,
Of days long vanished:
Oh! my breast is filled with pain,
Finding objects that still remain,
While those days come not again.

Maid, whose bright eyes, my heart impressing,
Fill my heart with thoughts distressing,
By recalling an earthly blessing
Long since dead and passed away, passed away;
She was like thee, ere death, oppressing,
Sunk her beauty to decay.

The Great Meat Pie.

YOU'VE heard of the wondrous crocodile,
And the thund'ring great sea snake;
No doubt it's often made you smile,
And caused your sides to ache.
Now I've got one that'll make you laugh
For a month to come, or nigh—
So listen, while I tell you about
A stunning great meat pie.
Tol lol, &c.

As through the country I did stroll,
On business rather pressing—
I stopp'd at the sign of the 'Toad in the Hole,'
To give my stomach a *dressing*.
I'd scarcely poked my nose in, when,
Without a word of a lie,
There were just three hundred & fifty men
Going to pitch into a pie.
Tol lol, &c.

It was a stunner out and out—
To describe it I'm scarce able—
It took about sixty ploughmen stout
To serve it up to table.
It was a tidy weight, that's clear,
It's a fact there's no disowning,
For half a mile off you might hear
The tables actually *groaning*.
Tol lol, &c.

You may guess it was a tidy size—
It took a week to make it;
A day to carry it to the shop,
And another week to bake it.
Oh! had you seen it, I'll be bound
Your wonder you'd scarce govern,
They were forc'd to knock the *front wall down*,
To get it in the oven.
Tol lol, &c.

It took about thirty sacks of flour—
It's a fact, now, what I utter—
Three hundred pails of water, too,
And a hundred firkins of butter.
The crust was nearly seven feet thick,
You couldn't easy bruise it;
And the rolling-pin was such a size,
That it took twelve men to use it!
Tol lol, &c.

This pie contain'd as much rump steak
As would half supply the navy;
And bullock's melt's enough to make
About ninety gallons of gravy;
With fifty ducks, two stone-a-piece,
Enough for any glutton;
Twelve fillets of veal, and forty geese
And thirty legs of mutton.
Tol lol, &c.

There were twenty-five spare ribs of pork
I'm sure I'm not mistaken;
Two-and-thirty hams from York,
And twenty sides of bacon.
The pie was made by fifty cooks,
And all of the first-raters;
And they finish'd the filling up, odzooks!
With a ton of kidney taters.
Tol lol, &c.

When word was given, a general rush
Took place to hack and hew it;
They began to clamber up the crust,
To get their knives into it;
When all at once the top gave way—
They thought it was much thicker;
And ninety-five poor souls, they say,
Were drowned in the liquor!
Tol lol, &c.

This took away their appetites—
They took it as a warning—
And after that *pie*-ratic night
They went in general mourning
So ever since the village folks—
Although they live like good 'uns,
The pie so stuck in all their throats,
They eat nothing else but *puddins*.
Tol lol, &c.

Weel may the keel row.

AS I came thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate,
As I came thro' Sandgate, I heard a lassie sing,—
"Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row, that my laddie's in!

"He wears a blue bonnet, blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet, and a dimple in his chin:
And weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
And weel may the keel row, that my laddie's in."

The Red-cross Banner.

RECITATIVE.

ENGLAND, if still the patriot fires,
That warm'd the bosoms of their sires
Dwell with thy sons, what heart can fail,
Long as there floats upon the gale
Thy red-cross banner, proudly free,
Still to throb high for liberty.

AIR.

When first on Albion's sea-girt shore
Her foot fair Freedom press'd;
Its hills and vales she wander'd o'er,
And thus the soil she bless'd:
Land of the fair, the free, the brave,
Rule thou the rolling sea;
There let thy red-cross banner wave
The foremost of the free.

Forth flew the word from pole to pole,
And conquer'd worlds can tell,
As yet where'er the billows roll,
We keep the charter well.
There's not a shore that ocean laves,
But Freedom here may see,
That England's red-cross banner waves
The foremost of the free.

And while one single thread shall fly,
Lit by its glories past,
England must lift that banner high—
Must nail it to the mast;
For England's sun will set in shame,
And dark her doom will be,
If e'er her vaunting foes shall claim
The empire of the sea.

The Sailor he fears not the roar of the seas.

THE sailor he fears not the roar of the seas.
But with courage all danger surmounts;
O'er his biscuit and can he reposes at ease;
And with pleasure each action recounts.

Contented the soldier in dreadful campaign,
Feels blessed 'midst the thunder of war;
Nor envies the sailor, who ploughs the deep main,
Any prize—but the gain of a scar.

In Liberty's cause, may the battles they've fought,
With freedom and peace be repaid;
In the terrors of war, may the honours they've sought
Gain them laurels that never may fade.

The Cockade.

AS I walked out one morning, down by the shady grove,
I never thought of listing, till the soldiers did me impose;
Bad company entic'd me to taste the flowing bowl,
O! the bounty that they gave to me was ten guineas in bright gold.

It's true my love's enlisted, and wears the green cockade,
He is a handsome, tall young man, likewise a roving blade;
He is a handsome, tall young man—he's gone to serve the queen,
Whilst my very heart is breaking all for the loss of him.

My love is tall and handsome, and likely to be seen,
And by some sad misfortune he is listed in the marines;
I hope the very man that listed him may never prosper night nor day,
For I wish that the French dogs may sink him in the sea.

O may he never prosper, nor may he never thrive.
Nor anything he takes in hand, as long as he's alive!
O the very ground he takes in hand, may the grass refuse to grow,
Since he has been the occasion of my sorrow, grief, and woe.

Then he pull'd out his handkerchief for to wipe her flowing eyes—
I pray leave off your grief and sorrow, likewise your dismal cries;
Leave off your grief and sorrow, love, while I march over the plain,
Then I'll marry, marry you, my love, when I return again.

O now my love is listed, and I for him will rove;
I'll write his name on every tree that grows in yonder grove;
Where the huntsman he will hollow, and the hounds so sweetly cry,
And that will fill me, fill me with abundance of joy.

Be mine, dear Maid.

BE mine, dear maid, this faithful heart
Can never prove untrue;
'Twere easier far from life to part,
Than cease to live for you.
Then turn thee not away, my love,
Oh! turn thee not away!
For by the light of truth I swear,
To love thee night and day.
To love thee, &c.

The lark shall first forget to sing,
When morn unfolds the east,
Which by change or coldness wring
Thy fond, confiding breast:
Then turn thee not away, my love,
Oh! turn thee not away,
For by the light of truth I swear
To love thee night and day.
To love thee, &c.

Whistle, and I'll come to you, my Lad.

O WHISTLE, an' I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad;
Though father an' mither, an' a' should gae mad,
O whistle, an' I'll come to you my lad.

But warily tent when ye come to court me,
An' come na' unless the black-yett be a jee;
Syne up the back style, an' let naebody see,
An' come as ye were na' comin' to me.
An' come, &c. O whistle, &c.

At kirk or at market when'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as though that ye cared not a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black 'ee,
Yet look as you were na' looking at me.
Yet look, &c. O whistle, &c.

Aye vow an' protest that ye care na' for me,
An' whiles ye may lightly my beauty awee;
But court nae anither, though jokin' ye be,
For fear, &c. O whistle, &c.

The merry month of May.

'TWAS in the merry month of May,
When bees from flower to flower did hum;
Soldiers through the town march'd gay,
The villagers flew to the sound of the drum!
From windows lasses look'd a score,
Neighbours met at every door;
Sergeant twirl'd his sash and story,
And talk'd of wounds, honor, and glory.
'Twas in the merry month, &c.

Roger swore he'd leave his plough,
His team and tillage, all by gum!
Of a country life he'd had enow—
He'd leave it all and follow the drum.
He'd leave his thrashing in the barn,
To thrash his foes right soon he'd *larn;*
With sword in hand he would not parley,
But thrash his foes instead of the barley.

The cobbler he threw by his awl,
When all were glad he'd ne'er be glum;
But quick attend to glory's call,
And like a man would follow the drum.
No more at home he'd be a slave,
But take his seat amid the brave;
In battle's seat none should be prouder,
'Stead balls of wax, he'd have balls and powder.

The tailor he got off his knees,
And to the ranks did boldly come;
He said he ne'er would sit at ease;
But follow the rest, and follow the drum.
How he'd leather the foes, good lord!
When he'd a bodkin for a sword;
The French should find he did'nt wheedle,
When he'd a spear instead of a needle.

Three old women—the first was lame,
The second was blind, and the third nigh dumb,
To stay behind was a burning shame,
They'd follow the men, and follow the drum.

Our wills are good, but lack-a-day!
To catch the soldiers we'll try for it;
For where there's a will, there's always a way.
We'll walk a mile or two if we die for it.

How sweet it is to love.

Tune—"After many roving years."

OH! how sweet it is to love,
When the heart is young and light,
Happy moments then are known,
The brightest of the bright.
Guileless are our wishes then,
Our hearts are pure and free,
Our love is true, and fervent as
A mortal's e'er can be.

Daily we look on the world,
Without a thought or care,
And turn unto the one we love,
For all our hopes are there.
Then to our eyes it seems as though
Our life-path strewn with flowers,
Would never fade, or rugged prove,
So blissful pass the hours.

Sunny smiles and joyful words,
Alone by us are known,
For then upon our love no cloud
Of sorrow has been thrown;
But all around is peaceful joy,
No tear has dimm'd the eye;
And the love that swells our bosom then,
That love will never die.

Johnny Sands.

A MAN, whose name was Johnny Sands,
Had married Betty Hague,
And though she brought him gold and lands,
She prov'd a terrible plague;
For, oh! she was a scolding wife,
Full of caprice and whim;
He said that he was tired of life,
And she was tired of him.

Saye he, "Then I will drown myself—
The river runs below;"
Says she, "Pray do, you silly elf,
I wished it long ago."
Says he, "Upon the brink I'll stand,
Do you run down the hill,
And push me in with all your might,"
Says she, "My love, I will."

"For fear that I should courage lack,
And try to save my life,
Pray tie my hands behind my back,"
"I will," replied his wife.

She tied them fast as you may think,
And when securely done,
"Now stand," says she, "upon the brink,
And I'll prepare to run."

All down the hill his loving bride
Now ran with all her force,
To push him in—he stepped aside,
And she fell in of course.
Now splashing, dashing, like a fish,
"Oh save me, Johnny Sands!"
"I can't, my dear, tho' much I wish,
For you have tied my hands."

There came from soft Italy's Sun-lighted Shore.

THERE came from soft Italy's sun-lighted shore,
With steps free and bounding, a young troubadour:
'Neath the dark boughs of summer fair dancers were met,
And feet lightly beat to the gay castanet.
Full many a lay to the fairest he sung,
As o'er his guitar all in ecstasy hung;
A reward greater far than poor gold was his lot,
For ne'er was the troubadour's wild lay forgot.
Aydimi! Aydimi! Aydimi!

No more 'neath the summer boughs dancers are met,
No more sounds the lay, or the sweet castanet;
And oh! from soft Italy's bright glowing shore,
The young minstrel wanders with light steps no more.
'Neath the bright skies of Spain the wild music may swell,
Or the minstrel his tale in sweet measures may tell:
Though loud be the praise that is breathed by the throng,
The reward is not golden that greets his wild song.
Aydimi! Aydimi! Aydimi!

When the heart in the bosom is beating.

WHEN the heart in the bosom is beating
In vain we suppress the soft sigh;
Though the lips no fond vows be repeating,
A tell-tale is found in the eye;

'Tis there the heart's language is spoken,
And words may by falsehood subdue;
Though the vows of the lip are oft broken,
The heart, though 'tis silent, is true.

Then give me the glance that expresses
The bright beam of joy when we meet,
The bosom that throbs to caresses,
The heart that in silence does beat;
For while I can boast of such treasure,
I ask no conviction but this,—
The eye that beams welcome and pleasure,
And naught from the lips but a kiss.

The Evening Gun.

REMEMB'REST thou that fading sun,
The last I saw with thee,
When loud we heard the evening gun
Peal o'er the distant sea.
The sounds appear to sweep
For o'er the verge of day,
Till in the realms beyond the deep
They seem to die away.

Oft when the toils of day are gone,
In pensive dreams of thee,
I sit to hear that evening gun
Peal o'er the stormy sea;
And, while o'er billows curl'd,
The distant sounds decay,
I weep, and wish from this rough world,
Like them, to die away.

I've a Cot of my own.

I'VE a sweet little cot of my own,
'Twas bequeathed by my father to me;
And pray that the home of my youth
In age may my resting place be.
Roses are springing there,
Sweet birds are singing there,
Gaily, gaily, round my own home;
Summer flies merrily,
Autumn comes cheerily—
Never, never, hence would I roam.

Let the lord in his proud castle range,
And the monarch exult in his throne;
I have seen not the home I would change
For that sweet little cot of my own.
When the winter winds howl round my cot,
And the snow-flakes are borne on the blast,
I can call up bright visions of joy,
With a song or a tale of the past.
True friends are smiling there,
Sorrow beguiling there,
Sweetly, sweetly, thus the time flies;
Clouds may gloom drearily,
Love still unwearily,
Brightens, brightens winter's dark skies.

Victoria's the Toast.

FILL the glass, boys, brim it well,
Then each true Briton his post,
With heart and soul in every bowl,
To pledge Old England's boast!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
For "Victoria's!" the toast.

O Susannah, don't you cry for me.

I AM going to Alabama, wid my banjo on my knee,
I came from Lousiana my true lub for to see;
It rain'd all night de day I left, the weather it was dry,
De sun so hot I froze to death—Susannah, don't you cry!
O Susannah, don't you cry for me;
I'm going to Alabama wid my banjo on my knee.

I jump'd on board de Telegraf, and floated down de ribber,
De electric spark it magnified, and killed five hundred nigger;
De engine burst, de horse run off, I really thought I die,
I shut my eyes, I hold my breath—Susannah don't you cry!
O Susannah, &c.

I had a dream de oder night, when ebery ting was still—
I thought I saw Susannah going down de hill;
De buckwheat cake was in her mouth, de tears was in her eyes,
I say my lubly from de south—Susannah, don't you cry!
O Susannah, &c.

O when I get to New Orleans, I mean to look around,
And if I see Susannah there, I will fall down on de ground;
And if dat she is married, de nigger he shall surely die,
And when dat I am dead and buried, Susannah, don't you cry!
O Susannah, &c.

The Ship on Fire.

THE storm of the ocean flew furious and fast,
And the waves rose in foam at the voice of the blast,
And heavily laboured the gale-beaten ship,
Like a stout-hearted swimmer, the spray at his lip.
And dark was the sky o'er the mariner's path
Except when the lightning illumed it in wrath.
A young mother knelt in the cabin below,
And pressing her babe to her bosom of snow,
She prayed to her God 'mid the hurricane wild,
"Oh! Father, have mercy, look down on my child!"

It pass'd—the fierce whirlwind career'd on its way,
And the ship, like an arrow, divided the spray;
The sails glimmered white in the beams of the moon,
And the breeze up aloft seemed to whistle a tune.
There was joy in the ship as she furrowed the foam,
For fond hearts within her were dreaming of home.
The young mother prest the fond babe to her breast,
And sang a sweet song as she rocked it to rest;
And the husband sat cheerily down by her side,
And looked with delight on the face of his bride.

"Oh! happy," said he, "when our roaming is o'er,
We'll dwell in our cottage that stands by the shore:
Already, in fancy, its roof I descry,
And the smoke of its hearth curling up to the sky;
Its gardens so green, and its vine-covered wall,
And kind friends awaiting to welcome us all;
And the children that sport by the old oaken tree."
Ah! gently the ship glided over the sea.
"Hark! What is that? Hark, hark, to the shout:
"Fire, fire!" Then a tramp, then a rout,
And an uproar of voices arose in the air;
And the mother knelt down, and the half-uttered prayer
That she offered to God, in her agony wild,
Was "Father, have mercy, look down on my child!"
She flew to her husband—she clung to his side:
Oh! there was her refuge, whate'er might betide.

Fire, fire! it was raging above and below,
And the cheeks of the sailors grew pale at the sight,
And their eyes glistened wild in the glare of the light:
'Twas vain o'er the ravage the waters to drip;
The pitiless flame was the Lord of the ship;
And the smoke in thick wreaths mounted higher and higher,
Oh God! it is fearful to perish by fire!
Alone with destruction, alone on the sea,
Great Father of mercy, our hope is in thee!

Sad at heart and resigned, yet undaunted and brave,
They lowered the boat—a mere speck on the wave;
First entered the mother enfolding her child—
It knew she caress'd it, look'd upward and smiled.
Cold, cold was the night, as they drifted away,
And mistily dawned o'er the pathway the day;
And they pray'd for the light, and at noontide about,
The sun o'er the waters shone joyously out.
"Ho, a sail—ho, a sail!" cried the man on the lee,
"Ho, a sail!" and they turned their glad eyes on the sea!
"They see us, they see us! the signal is waved:
They bear down upon us! Thank God we're all saved."

Trade and Spade.

BETWEEN two friends, in days of old,
A bitter strife began,
And Father Spade with Brother Trade
Disputed man to man.
"You're vain, undutiful, and proud,"
Said Spade, with flashing eyes.
"You earn your thousands while I starve,
You mock my children's cries."

You ride in state with lordly looks,
  You dwell in bow'r and hall,
You speak of me reproachfully,
  And prosper on my fall.
So, from this hour, in shine or show'r,
  We'll learn to live a-part:
I rul'd the earth ere you were born;
  I cast you from my heart."

And Trade lost temper in his pride,
  He utter'd words of scorn;
"You do not know the ways of men,
  Amid your sheep and corn,
You doze away the busy day,
  Nor think how minutes run:
Go, put your shoulder to your work,
  And do as I have done;
You've all the earth to yield you wealth,
  Both corn and pasture land,
I only ask a counting-house,
  And room whereon to stand.
And from this hour, in shine or shower,
  I'll learn to live alone;
I'll do without you well enough—
  The world shall be my own!"

And thus they wrangled night and day,
  Unfair, like angry men,
Till things went wrong between them both,
  And would not right again.
But growing wiser in distress,
  Each grasp'd the other's hand—
"'Twas wrong," said Spade, "To rail at Trade,
  He loves me in the land."
And Trade as freely own'd his fault—
  "I've been unjust," he said,
"To quarrel with the good old man
  Who grows my daily bread.
Long may we flourish, Trade and Spade,
  In city and in plain!
The people starve while we dispute,
  We must not part again."
And all the people sang for joy,
  To see their good accord,
While Spade assembled all his sons,
  And piled his plenteous board.
He fed them on the best of fare—
  Untax'd the foaming ale—
And pray'd, in England's happy shore,
  That Trade might never fail.
And busy Trade sent fleets of ships
  To every sea and strand,
And built his mills and factories
  O'er all the prosperous land.
And so we'll sing God save the Queen,
  And long may Brother Spade,
For sake of both the rich and poor,
  Unite with Brother Trade!

The Sicilian Maid.

I KNEW a Sicilian maid,
  Whose sire was a crusty old elf,
And he was sorely afraid,
  This maiden would choose for herself.
He kept her close under control,
  By means of a strong lock and key,
This maiden one evening, poor soul,
  Look'd down from her lattice on me.

Her window with iron he barr'd,
  To none she could utter a word,
I thought it was monstrous hard,
  That this maid should be cag'd like a bird.
At night when sleep conquer'd her sire,
  I flew with a heart full of glee,
And said, should the house be on fire,
  Sweet maiden come down unto me.

Some branches I burnt, and the smoke
  By the wind to the house was covey'd,
I cried 'Fire!' till her father awoke,
  And let down this poor trembling maid.
He was nearly dead with the fright,
  But no flame nor no sparks could he see,
Then this maiden flew down with delight,
  And quickly got wedded to me.

Come, hallow the Goblet.

Tune—"The Queen, God bless her."

COME, hallow the goblet with something more true
  Than the words we forget in a minute,
For the toast is to wine as the flower to the dew,
  And lends all the sweetness that's in it:
Then fill, for a worthier toast ne'er was found,
  Since man clung to man like a brother.
'Tis this, and oh! let its whole spirit go round,
  Here's—The heart that can feel for another.

'Tis a sentiment sacred to every breast,
  That knows how uncertain's the morrow;
And the gleams of the goblet are seldom the best
  To brighten our moments of sorrow.
No: 'tis when misfortune & misery frown,
  And our griefs are too heavy to smother,
That we prove the best toast the banquet may crown,
  Is—The heart that can feel for another.

A Song for a stormy night.

THE winds without,
In their midnight rout,
Howl through our casement drearily—
But sweet is our mirth,
Round the social hearth.
When circles the wine cup cheerily.
With a heigho, &c.

Fill up the bowl,
And stir up the coal,
Make the flames mount bright and cheerily;
We've right good cheer,
And a welcome here,
Though the fierce winds whistle wearily.
Yet amid our glee,
Perchance there be,
Some near us pining wearily—
All nipp'd by the cold,
Some traveller old,
May be trudging through snow drifts drearily.
With a heigho, &c.

Show then a light,
From our window, to-night,
Let it gleam to guide him cheerily.
We've a chair and a jug,
And a corner snug,
When he comes to our door so wearily.
With a heigho, &c.

Never shall it be said,
That we, well fed,
By our fireside singing cheerily,
Could forget this night,
The bitter plight,
Of the thousands pining wearily.
Throw open the door
To the old and poor,
They shall be welcome cheerily—
While there's bite or sup
On our board or cup,
They never shall pass by wearily.
With a heigho, &c.

The Pilgrim Harper.

THE night was cold and dreary, no star
was in the sky,
When, travel tired and weary, the harper
rais'd his cry;
He rais'd his cry without the gate, his
night's repose to win,
And plaintive was the voice that cried, 'Ah!
won't you let me in?'

The portal soon was open'd, for in the land
of song
The minstrel at the outer gate yet never
linger'd long;
The inner doors were seldom clos'd 'gainst
wand'rers such as he,
For locks or hearts to open soon, sweet
music is the key.

But if gates are op'd by melody, so grief can
close them fast,
And sorrow o'er that once bright hall its
silent spell had cast;
All undisturb'd the spider there his web
might safely spin,
For many a day, no festive lay, no harper
was let in.

But when the harper enter'd, and said he
came from far,
And bore with him from Palestine the
tidings of the war;
And he could tell of all who fell, or glory
there did win,
The warder knew his noble dame would let
that harper in.

They led him to the bower, the lady knelt
in prayer,
The harper raised a well know lay upon
the turret stair;
The door was op'd with hasty hand, true
love its meed did win,
For lady saw her own true knight when
that harper was let in.

The Huntsman.

Tune—"Ye Alpine snows."

FAST the shades of night are flying,
Bright morn her beauties doth unfold;
The fair moon-beams are softly dying,
The sun shines forth in streams of gold.
Now while the merry horn is sounding,
Over hills the hunter gaily speeds;
The gallant hounds before them bounding,
And borne by their noble prancing steeds.

One proudly gives the flowing rein,
And onward swift as wind—
Flies o'er rising hill and plain,
Leaving his comrades far behind.
Oh! why doth the huntsman far away
From his young companions rove,
And don his cap with air so gay?
Perchance for his lady love.

Perchance while they the chase pursue,
Thus forward he hath boldly sped,
His gentle lady's heart to woo,
And leave not a tender word unsaid.
Away he flies like thought again,
To those who chas-ed the panting hart,
And whispers to the jovial train,
'I, too, have won a gentle heart!'

The Lighthouse.

OUR sea-born chimes eight bells have told,
Far o'er the wat'ry waste:
To distant ships their sound has roll'd;
The canvass drips with night-dew cold;
The mid-hour watch is placed.
Look out! look out, my trusty crew!
Strain ev'ry anxious eye;
Tho' spray and mist obscure the view,
We know the land is nigh!

And spare ye not the plunging lead,
As carefully we steer;
What star shines o'er the lee cat-head,
Which now gleams forth with lustre red—
Now seems to disappear?
It is no star! I see it now!
It is the lighthouse beam,
Which, from yon tall cliffs beetling brow.
Sheds forth its changeful gleam.

A sailor's thanks to those who tend
Its true tho' fitful light.
Who, like our guardian angels, lend
Their ceaseless vigils to befriend
The wand'ring vessel's flight.
No strangers, now, the deep we roam!
Shake out, shake out the reefs; make sail;
That lighthouse is the light of home;
And hope breathes in the gale.

As still we coast the rugged steep,
The lighthouse sheds its ray;
But there's a love which does not sleep,
And hearts which watch as constant keep,
When we are far away.
What transport in each breast will glow,
When with to-morrow's sun,
Our well-known signal flags shall show
The destined port we've won,

My home shall be the waves.

SPEED on my bark, the day-beam
Is bursting on my sight;
Still o'er the roaring billows
Speed on thy rapid flight.

'Tis life among the waters
With eagle wing to sleep—
To breathe the song of freedom
Upon the boundless deep.
Speed on, &c.

With thee, my bark, undaunted,
Whatever chance be thine,
I'll share it gladly with thee,
And may thy fate be mine.
I will not fix my dwelling
Amid a world of slaves:
With thee through life for ever,
My home shall be the waves.
I will not, &c.

The heart knows only one.

THE landsmen tell you those who roam
On ocean's boundless tide,
On ev'ry shore can find a home,
In ev'ry port a bride.
Heed not, sweet maid, their idle prate,
They ne'er such feelings knew,
As warm the heart of thy sailor mate,
Which beats alone for you.

What though when storms our bark assail,
The needle trembling veers;
When night adds horror to the gale,
And not a star appears:
True to the Pole as I to thee,
It faithful still will prove,
An emblem dear of constancy,
And of a sailor's love.

Then turn from what the landsmen say,
Who would thy faith beguile,
They seize the time when we're away
To practise every wile;
O'er beauty bright our looks may rove,
We ne'er its influence shun;
But though the eye has many a love,
The heart knows only one.

The morn was gay.

THE morn was gay, but the bride wept fast,
As she left her father's tower;
And many a glance she backward cast
On her childhood's peaceful bower.
She weeps not as young hearts should feel,
When they leave their early home,
When love can soothe, and time can heal,
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